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Saved by Vatrani

By Rabbi Kalman Krohn



Rabbi Kalman Krohn, of blessed memory

This story is from the Midrash. There was Taana in the times of the Gemara named Reb Reuven who was blessed with the ability to overturn heavenly decrees with his tefillos. His powerful prayers, laced with tears and genuine feeling, carried extraordinary weight in Shamayim, and no bitter decree could remain standing in the face of them. How was it that Reb Reuven's tefillos were so powerful?

Reb Reuven was a very likeable man, and all those he came in contact with were immediately drawn to him. He knew how to make others feel good, and he went out of his way to do so, even when it meant sacrificing his own comforts and

desires. And because he was mevater on his own desires to please others, Hashem in return would give up His desires to please Reb Reuven.

Young and old, the erudite and the ignorant all appreciated Reb Reuven's personality and wisdom. Even the Angel of Death himself liked Reb Reuven, and the two spent a lot of time together exchanging explanations on Tanach. One day, the Malach Hamaves informed Reb Reuven that there was a heavenly decree against his son, a young boy with a very special soul. "I have a mission to take him away," he told the distraught father.

Reb Reuven immediately tried to daven, hoping to save his son, but he found himself getting tongue-tied. Apparently, Hashem didn't want the tzaddik's tefillos interfering with His plans, and Reb Reuven was unable to daven. The Malach Hamaves appeared a while later, an angel on a mission. "I am here to take your son," he explained.

"Please, do me a favor," Reb Reuven pleaded. "Give me thirty days. Push off the decree for another thirty days, so that my young son can first get married." The Angel of Death agreed, and Reb Reuven hastened to arrange a shidduch for the child. He did not tell his wife or son about his conversation with the Malach Hamaves, and did not disclose the reason for his sudden decision to marry off his son.

A kallah was found, a wedding date was arranged, and a home was built from scratch for the young couple to live in after their marriage. It was a joyous time for the young chassan and his family, who were completely unaware of the terrible threat hanging over his head. On the day of the wedding, Reb Reuven handed his son a basket of fragrant hadassim. In those days, people were invited to a wedding with a sweet-smelling hadas, which they then used to dance around the chassan.

"Take this basket of hadassim and go invite the people of the city, including the elders," he instructed his son. The child swung the basket onto his arm and skipped from home to home, inviting all their friends and relatives, along with the city's elders and tzaddikim, to participate in the simchah they would be celebrating that evening. The pile of hadassim in his basket slowly dwindled as more and more people were invited. As he capered across an empty field in the direction of more homes, he encountered Eliyahu Hanavi, who had something important to tell him.

"Tonight, you are supposed to die."

The shocked child gaped at the figure before him wordlessly.

"I want to give you some advice," Eliyahu Hanavi continued. "At your wedding, you will see a man dressed in torn and tattered garments. Don't be misled; it's no pauper, but the Malach Hamaves. Make sure to welcome him kindly and ensure that he has what to eat. Seat him with the distinguished elders at the meal; honor him and respect him. And also, very important- don't eat anything by the wedding."

Reb Reuven's son nodded, still shell-shocked, and Eliyahu Hanavi disappeared. The chassan who left his home on the way to his wedding that evening was a different child than the carefree one who'd left his home that morning to deliver the hadassim. He was worried and withdrawn, although he tried to hide his anxiety from his parents. The atmosphere at the chasunah was joyous and exciting, and people danced merrily before the chassan, but he could not bring himself to join fully in the festivities. He smiled half-heartedly in response to the greetings of his guests as his eyes feverishly scanned the courtyard in search of the beggar whom Eliyahu Hanavi had described.

In the middle of the wedding meal, of which the chassan was careful not to take a single bite, he saw a pauper standing at the entranceway, looking in. The chassan shot out of his seat like a bullet from a cannon, and was at the pauper's side seconds later. "Please, come inside, have a seat."

The pauper shook his head. "No, that's alright." "Really, please come inside," the chassan pleaded.

"You are an honored guest, and it would make me so happy if you would grace my simchah with your presence."

The beggar continued to decline, but the young chassan persisted, knowing that his very life depended on his treatment of the pauper. Eventually, the beggar agreed to come in, and the chassan led him to the head table, seating him with the distinguished elders of the city. For the remainder of the wedding, the chassan kept his eye on his dangerous guest, treating him with utmost honor and respect. He didn't taste a morsel of the food, conscious of Eliyahu Hanavi's warning.

Nervously, he waited to see how the night would play out. The wedding wound down, and the guests began to trickle out. Soon, the large room had mostly emptied of people, leaving a colorful mess behind.

The pauper beckoned to the chassan to join him outside, and anxiously, the chassan obeyed. "You have cement for your house," the pauper stated. "Where did you get the cement from?" "I bought it from someone," the chassan replied. "Well, the owner of the cement wants it back," the pauper told him. "I'll give him other cement," the chassan countered.

The beggar looked at him. "Let me level with you and talk to you straight, without any metaphors," he finally said. "I am the Angel of Death, and I have come to take your soul."

The chassan, having known this was coming, didn't seem shocked. "If it is my time, then I am ready to go," he said bravely. "But please allow me to go say goodbye to my father and my kallah."

"No problem," the Malach Hamaves agreed. The chassan ran back inside and headed straight to his father. "Father, a pauper came to me and told me that now is my time to leave this world. What should I do?"

Reb Reuven did not respond. Turning away from his son, he donned his tallis and began to sob, begging Hashem to overturn the decree against his son's life. With tears flowing freely down his beard, he prayed intently, completely oblivious to his surroundings.

"Father, Father!" the chassan cried, hugging his father. "Father, daven for me! Please pray for the decree to be annulled!" Reb Reuven, engrossed in his prayers, did not respond, so his son gave him a parting hug and kiss and went to find his kallah of just a few hours. They had not even been married a single night, and already it was time for the chassan to part from his kallah forever.

As her chassan approached, the kallah saw his face and knew immediately that something was wrong. "What's the matter?" she asked worriedly. "The Malach Hamaves has come for me," the chassan explained, as gently as he could. "He is dressed as a pauper, and he told me that my time has come to leave the world."

"And what did you respond?" she asked breathlessly. The young chassan sighed at her pain. "What do you think I told him? Am I greater than Avraham, Yitzchak, and Yaakov? Even our holy avos left this world when their time came. I told him that if my time was here, I would go with him."

The kallah shook her head. "Where is he? Outside? You stay here; I will go speak to him." With a courageous look on her face, the kallah went outside to meet the Angel of Death.

"It says in the Torah that when a couple gets married, the husband is to remain at home for a full year," she told the pauper. "A wife has the right to demand of her husband to remain home during that year. So, although you might have a mission to take my husband, I have a directive from the Torah allowing me to demand that he live with me for a full year. Please go back to Hashem and tell Him my response. I want my husband to be with me for a year."

The Malach Hamaves heard her argument, and he agreed to bring her claim before Hashem. He flew up to Shamayim to determine his next course of action. There, he found Hashem sitting on His Throne of Judgment, surrounded by the angels Gavriel, Michoel, and others. The angels seemed to be pleading with Hashem to save the life of the very chassan whom the Malach Hamaves had gone to take. "Reb Reuven is always mevater on his own desires and feelings to make others feel good," the angels were saying. "Just as he gave up his desires for others, he is now asking that You give up Your decree."

Hakadosh Baruch Hu turned to the Malach Hamaves, who had been sent on a mission to take the boy's life. "The kallah argued that she has the right to demand he live with her for a year, as it says in the Torah," the Angel of Death explained. Hashem got up from His Throne of Judgment and went onto the Throne of Mercy. All of the malachim, the seraphim, the chayos hakodesh, and even the Malach Hamaves himself were arguing in favor of allowing Reb Reuven's son to live.

Indeed, Reb Reuven himself had a firm case in Heaven, an argument that enabled all of his prayers to be answered positively. For as the angels had said, he was mevater on his own desires to do the will of others, and for that he would merit that Hashem would give up His desires to please Reb Reuven.

At that moment, Hakadosh Baruch Hu made an announcement. The son of Reb Reuven would be allowed to live, not just for one year, but for seventy years longer. And so, it was. For the next seventy years, Reb Reuven's son and his wife had a happy life and marriage, devoted to Torah and the service of Hashem.

Reprinted from the Parshas Va'eschanan 5784 email of Toras Reb Kalman based on captivating stories full of Yiras Shamayim taken from shmuessen (talks) that Reb Kalman Krohn, zt"l, gave in Adelpia Yeshiva.

A Simple Jew's Tooth Offering

A Jew from Russia boarded a bus in Yerushalayim and took a seat next to Horav Kluf, a grandson of the Steipler Gaon, zl. During the course of their conversation, the Jew mentioned that he had once served in Joseph Stalin's army. (Stalin was the accursed Russian dictator during World War II.)

On his first Erev Yom Kippur, he sought a way to circumvent working on the holiest day of the year. He claimed that he was unable to work due to a toothache. He went to the infirmary where his tooth was extracted without Novocain. He fainted from the extreme pain – but he was permitted to take the day off to rest. Although he was in excruciating pain that entire day, the joy in not having to transgress Yom Kippur more than ameliorated his pain. He was able to spend the day in solemn prayer to Hashem. This overrode any pain.

When Rav Kluf expressed his great admiration for this Yid, the man said, “Do not be impressed. I am a simple Jew!” The man's stop was called, and he got up to say goodbye to the Rav, who gave him a warm handshake. The man responded in kind and beamingly smiled at him.

Rav Kluf noticed a gaping hole in the man's smile. His upper front teeth were missing. When the man observed Rav Kluf's surprise, he said, “Please forgive my toothless smile; I was in Stalin's army for four years, and I used the same excuse each Yom Kippur.”

Reprinted from the Parshas Eikev 5784 email of Peninim on the Torah.

The Red Chevy



Tomer was the type of guy who a lot of people knew, even if they didn't really know him. He drove around town in his bright red Chevrolet, blasting his music so loud that you had to notice him, one way or another. He thought he was happy, or at least he acted as he was happy with all his externalities, but within him was his Jewish neshamah, his soul that wasn't getting any recognition or satisfaction.

But then, one day something happened, and as a result he started to think about Hashem and His Torah. He decided to check it out, went to a few lectures, and little by little, the more he learned, the more he loved it, and the more he wanted to live as an observant Jew.

And then the day came when he made his life-altering decision to become a baal teshuvah. It was a gradual process, but he was strong and his commitment was deep. Eventually, he became completely Torah observant — yarmulka, tzitzis, Shabbos, everything! And Tomer felt great; finally, he had found inner joy, peace, and meaning in life. He began studying in a baal teshuvah yeshiva, and it wasn't long before he was set up with Ronit, a wonderful girl from a secular background who had also become a baalas teshuvah.

They went out several times, and when they saw how right they were for each other, including the fact that they shared the same goal to grow in Yiddishkeit, they became engaged. Tomer and Ronit married and were a great couple. He was learning in Kollel, and she was working and attending shiurim once at least once a week. They were an ideal religious couple.

There was only one thing off. Throughout all Tomer's growth, he still held to his red Chevrolet! Somehow, his flashy car didn't fit with the rest of his image. He was wearing a white shirt and a dark suit and hat, and his wife was dressing

modestly, and although he was no longer blasting music all around town, just soft Jewish music audible only to them, the car was still flashy! One day, Ronit felt that the time had come to address the color of their auto. She brought up the subject as tactfully as she could.

“Tomer, you’re so refined, you’re learning Torah day and night, it’s not really...it’s, um...I mean...do you feel OK with the car? I mean, it’s so bright red. It’s a bit...loud, a bit...incongruous with who you are today.”

Tomer thought for a minute or two and then, being intelligent and honest, he said: “You’re right.”

“You don’t have to get rid of it,” Ronit said. “Maybe you can just have it painted black.”

Tomer grimaced and said, “Just have it painted? Painting a car is very costly. It could cost thousands of shekels, which we don’t have.” And then he said, “Why don’t we just sell it? We’ll spare ourselves the expense of painting it, and we’ll have extra cash as well.”

And so, it was. Tomer advertised that he had a Chevrolet of so-and-so year, gave a price and his phone number, and fairly quickly, they got a call from someone who was interested in buying the car. They made an appointment, and the potential buyer, came over to check it out. A GOOD SALE Tomer was talking on the phone as the man examined the car. He poked and banged, opened the hood and checked out different things inside as Tomer continued talking on the phone.

“It looks OK so far,” said the potential buyer. “Are you willing to go down in price?”

Tomer told his friend that he had to hang up, and then he said to the customer: “Maybe a little.”

“OK, but before we even start negotiating, I have to drive it around the block to check it out.”

“Yeah, of course,” said Tomer. At that moment, Tomer’s phone rang again, and he handed the keys to the potential buyer. The potential buyer got into the car, turned it on, and took a spin.

Tomer waited for him to come back — five minutes, ten minutes, half an hour, but the car didn’t come back. There was no point in denying it, Tomer realized. He’d been robbed. The non-Jewish man had been a thief. To top all that off, Tomer’s car wasn’t insured. After that fruitless half-an-hour, he went upstairs to Ronit and told her what had transpired.

She was surprised and commiserated with her husband. “Wow, what a loss. What a disappointment. We thought we’d have that extra money, and now we don’t have the money or the car.” And then she added: “You should call the police as soon as possible. Maybe they’ll find the thief and the car. After all, it’s an easy car to spot.”

“Nah,” Tomer said. “The police are busy with everything else; they won’t go out to find it.”

“Well, look, everything from Hashem is for the good, but still, we’re supposed to do hishtadlus, we’re supposed to make our effort. So why don’t you call anyway?” “Sure,” said Tomer, and he called.

The police didn’t even ask him to come down to the station but just took down all the info over the phone. “OK,” Tomer said after he got off the phone. “I did my hishtadlus.” Ronit smiled and said, “You know, I’m always working on myself, going to classes and reading, and trying to get better as a religious Jew. Well, one of the things I learned recently is how important it is to thank Hashem for everything. For everything! So, let’s thank Hashem for what just happened.”

Tomer looked at her in disbelief. “You’re saying that I should thank Hashem that the uninsured car was stolen?”

“Yes,” said Ronit. “That’s what I was taught. There’s a bigger picture, and we don’t see it all; everything from Hashem is for the good. And so, we should thank Him for everything.”

Tomer thought for a minute and then said: “OK. If you’re certain about that, then I’m willing.”

“I’m sure,” she confirmed.

This time, it was Tomer who smiled, looked up, and after a moment said: “Hashem, thank You for everything! Thank You for my wife, my home, my food and clothing, thank You for the Torah...thank You for everything...including...” he paused, and then he said: “Thank You Hashem that our car was stolen! Thank You! Thank You!

Then Ronit said basically the same words, thanking Hashem for everything, including the fact that their car was stolen. “Tomer,” she said with a smile, “I learned that when we thank Hashem for everything, amazing and wonderful things happen!” Tomer smiled at his innocent, trusting wife and said: “Great! I’m ready!”

Time went by — days, a week, even longer, and the car was no longer a topic of discussion. Tomer and Ronit got used to the fact of the theft and to their new reality of traveling on buses.

Then, one day, they got a phone call from the police to come down to the station. “We have your car!” they told him on the phone.

“What?!!”

“Yes, that’s what you heard. We found your car.”

“I’ll be there within half an hour,” said Tomer. As he hung up, he said to Ronit: “Do you believe it? They found the car. Hard to believe, but I’m going to check it out. I’ll let you know what happens. Shalom!”

And with that, he left for the police station. When he arrived at the station, he was greeted cordially and a police officer took him to an area behind the station and said, pointing to a Chevrolet, “There it is. There’s your car.”

Tomer looked at what they claimed was his car, and his face fell. What a disappointment! He had hoped that they had really found his car, but this Chevrolet was black, clearly not his. “It’s not mine,” he told the officer. “It’s a Chevrolet, but not mine.”

“No, it’s yours,” the officer assured him. “Look at the license plates.” Tomer looked and was amazed to see that it was the exact numbers as his red Chevy. He was confused and said: “How can that be? My car is red.”

The officer explained: “One of the first things a car thief does is have the car painted so it will be less recognizable and harder to locate. But you were lucky, and we found it.”

Tomer was speechless, and then he started laughing.

“What’s the joke?” asked the officer.

“Well, first of all, I’m just happy to have my car back. And second, it’s just the way I wanted it. My wife and I didn’t want a red car anymore, but since painting it is so expensive, we decided to sell it. And then it was stolen. My wife and I thanked Hashem for everything, including the fact that it was stolen, and here I see that it was painted, not on our expense. For free! That’s why I’m laughing. I’m laughing from joy and gratitude.”

And then Tomer looked up and said: “Thank You, Hashem. Thank You for everything, including the fact that my car was stolen, and returned, and is the perfect color for a couple who loves You so much!”

Reprinted from the Parshas Eikev 5784 email of Zichru Toras Moshe.

The Picture and the Poem

From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles

Ms. Sivan Rahav-Meir started her report with:

This is one of those stories that you would tend to think is a fairy tale, unless you heard it firsthand:

Boris Heikin, 87, grew up in Kharkiv, Ukraine “ where he was denied his Jewish heritage and identity. He made *aliyah* in the 1990s. Recently, [\[1\]](#)he sat with his family and looked through old pictures; among them was a picture of his grandfather, who was a religious Jew. Behind the picture were written words in Hebrew, which Boris didn’t understand at all.

Ina, his daughter, translated them for him. It turns out that they came from the poem of a Russian-Jewish poet, Simon Frug, and were written down by his grandfather:

*The time is near when our Nation
The son that forgets who his parent is,
Will not understand even one word of his own language,
The Holy Tongue in which his Torah is written.*

The daughter says these lines speak precisely about her father, who has difficulty understanding Hebrew. She added:

“We all had a feeling that this was not meaningless, that this is his grandfather’s will for us to keep the legacy.” She continued:

We called “Hebron Tefillin” to order *tefillin* for my father for the first time in his life. Pinchas Dell, a *sofer* (scribe) and a guide in the factory, was moved by the story. He is used to making *tefillin* for boys approaching age 13, not an elder who is 87 years old.”



18 Sivan 5779/June 21, 2019 – Boris Heikin and the poem

“He came over to my father’s home specially to teach him how to wrap *tefillin*. Later, my father sat and watched YouTube videos in Russian on how to put on *tefillin* in order to practice it, and now he keeps this practice up.

“We learned from him that it is never too late that all the attempts of big empires to turn our light off will never succeed and that even very old prayers in the Ukraine can be revived and fulfilled in Rishon LeZion after almost 100 years. My father’s grandfather was so afraid that the chain would break, but here in Israel it didn’t.”

Reprinted from the Parashat Eikev 5784 email of KabbalahOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed in Israel.

The Two Brothers



Rav Paysach Krohn

Rav Paysach Krohn once said the following story. The Torah teaches us that there are two aspects of giving Tzedakah (Devarim 15:7-8), “Do not harden your heart nor close your hand tight against your impoverished brother,” and “For you shall surely open your hand to him and provide him with the necessities he is missing.”

This instructs us to help the poor, but also seems to call for a higher level of charity as well. There was a Jew in Vilna who was once in the old cemetery there, and noticed the inscriptions on the tombstones of two brothers who were in adjacent graves. He learned that they were both Talmidei Chachamim, and extraordinary Ba’alei Tzedakah.

Strangely, the two tombstones shared one Pasuk from Eishes Chayil, the last chapter of Mishlei (31:20). The inscription began on one tombstone, “She extended her palm (Kaph) to the poor,” and was completed on the other tombstone, “And she stretched out her hand (Yadeha) to the pauper.”

The man was puzzled. Firstly, he had never seen an inscription shared by two tombstones. Secondly, Pesukim from Eishes Chayil were usually used for women. There was obviously an interesting story behind all this. The man sought out one of the oldest men in the Vilna community and asked him about the inscription.

The old man told him that these two brothers were Torah scholars, and they were also wealthy and extremely generous with their money. Suddenly, their fortunes took a turn for the worse and they started losing everything they had.

Paupers would still come to them to ask for help, and the brothers, who were used to giving and being generous, would give whatever they could to help another Yid.

Before long, there was nothing left in their house, as they had given away everything. One day, a poor man came to them and begged for help, stating that he was in extremely dire straits. The brothers felt terribly for him, but told him that there was nothing left for them to give him.

The man persisted begging them for help, and said that anything they would give would be helpful, and would not leave until he got something with which he could feed his starving family. The brothers did not know what to do, and asked him to wait while they searched their house to find anything that might have some value that they could give him. They were about to give up on their search when they found a silver spoon that fell behind one of the drawers. They were elated!

The brothers broke the spoon in half. One brother took the cup of the spoon and gave it to the beggar, and the other brother took the handle and gave it to him. They told him that it was made of silver and he should trade it in for cash. The brothers soon passed away, and this wonderful act of Tzedakah was memorialized on their tombstones.

The beginning of the Pasuk, “She extended her palm (Kaph) to the poor,” appeared on the first tombstone, and Kaph also means “her spoon,” which was a reference to the cup of the spoon. The completion of the Pasuk, “And she stretched out her hand (Yadeha) to the pauper” appeared on the other tombstone, and Yadeha also means “her handle,” which refers to the handle of the spoon. The brothers exemplified “opening their hand” to others!

Reprinted from the Parshas Eikev 5784 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U' Tefillah: A Collection of Inspiring Insights.

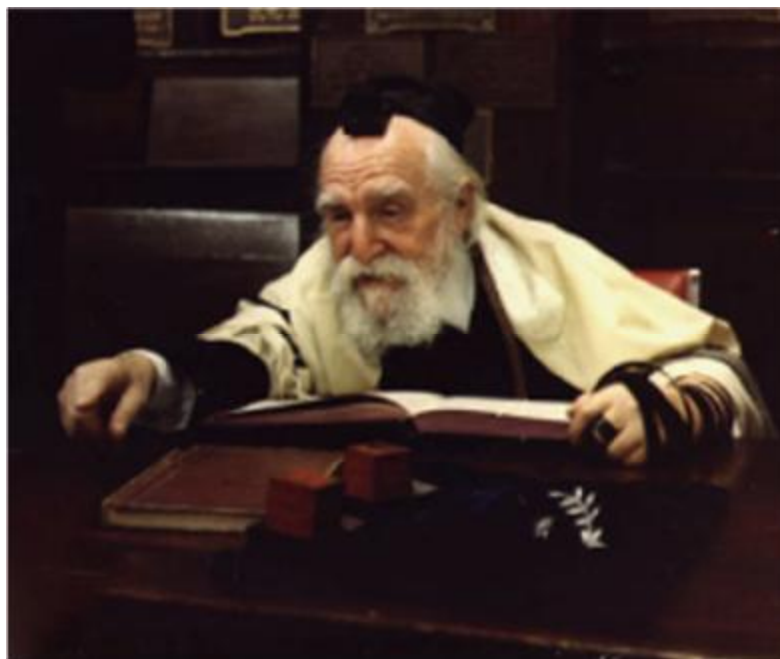
Rav Moshe and the Math Professor

A professor of mathematics wanted his son to leave Yeshivah to begin his career. The son was learning in the Yeshivah of Rav Moshe Feinstein, zt”l, and was not yet ready to leave Yeshivah, so the boy’s parents arranged a meeting with Rav Moshe and their son to discuss the matter.

At the meeting, Rav Moshe explained to the parents how important it was for the boy to continue his learning a little longer before leaving Yeshivah, since he was just starting to see real success in his learning.

The father disagreed, and supported his argument with the Torah concept of following the majority. He said, “The Gemara says that there are 3 partners who create a person. My wife and I are of the opinion that our son leaves Yeshivah now.

You are of Hashem's opinion that he stays a little longer. Since we follow the majority, it's 2 to 1 in our favor, which means he leaves."



Rav Moshe smiled and confidently turned to the mathematician with a counter-argument. He said, "You are right that we follow the majority. However, your math is flawed."

The professor was shocked at being told by a Rosh Yeshivah that he made a mistake in math. Rav Moshe continued, "Every person is made by 3 partners, as you have said: a mother, a father and Hashem. Therefore, each of us has 3 parts to us, which is 9 altogether. I count as 3, as you have pointed out, because I would like him to stay in Yeshivah. You and your wife also have 3 parts each, as Hashem is a third of both of you. Thus, a third of you and a third of your wife, which represents Hashem, says that he stays. Since my 3 parts and 1 from each of you would like him to stay, that makes it 5 parts, as $3+1+1=5$, and that is against the 2 parts from each of you which is only 4. As you have pointed out, we go after the majority, and that means that 5 parts to 4 parts wish him to stay in Yeshivah."

The mathematician was astounded at Rav Moshe's logic and saw how the Torah is the greatest possible tool for one's mind, by the way Rav Moshe proved him wrong using math, the subject of the father's expertise. The boy's father allowed his son to stay in Yeshivah and continue his learning!

Reprinted from the Parshas Eikev 5784 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U' Tefillah: A Collection of Inspiring Insights.

Love Your Brother

“You shall not hate your brother in your heart; you shall reprove your fellow and do not bear a sin because of him (19:17).” This passuk is saying that if someone antagonizes you, and even though he wronged you, you must think of him as your brother and not hate him. Rashi says that although it’s our responsibility to rebuke our fellow Jew, we must be careful not to embarrass them because then you will have sinned.

There’s a story told by Rabbi Pesach Krohn about a father and his two sons. When the older son turned 16, his father told him that he couldn’t afford to support him anymore and he had to go out and get a job. So, he said goodbye and got a job, and over time, he became very successful. He eventually became the CEO of a company and was transferred to the main office across the country. Back home, when the younger brother became 16, the father told him that he also had to get a job to support himself because the father could no longer support him. Unlike his older brother, he wasn’t successful and went from job to job.

One day the younger brother saw his older brother’s picture in the newspaper and read an article about how he became very successful. So, the younger brother decided to take a train ride to visit his older brother’s office on the other side of the country. When he got there, the older brother refused to see his younger brother, annoyed and assuming he was asking for a handout. The younger brother was devastated but left and went back home.

A few months later, the father became ill and was on his deathbed. Word was sent to the older brother, and he traveled back home to see his father. When he arrived, the father would not acknowledge his presence as he was giving his time and attention to the younger brother.

The older brother became frustrated and said, “Dad, I’ve been waiting here for an hour, and you didn’t even look at me!” The father finally answered, pointing to the younger brother as he did so. “If he’s not your brother, then I’m not your father!” Hashem, like this father, wants His children to get along.

Reprinted from the Parashat Kedoshim 5784 email of Jack E. Rahmey based on the Torah teachings of Rabbi Amram Sananes.